Buck Rogers 25th Century A.D.

Daily Story 003

"Pact of Perpetual Peace"

October 10, 1929 to November 26, 1929
Series I Strips 238 to 278

by Philip Nowlan and Dick Calkins

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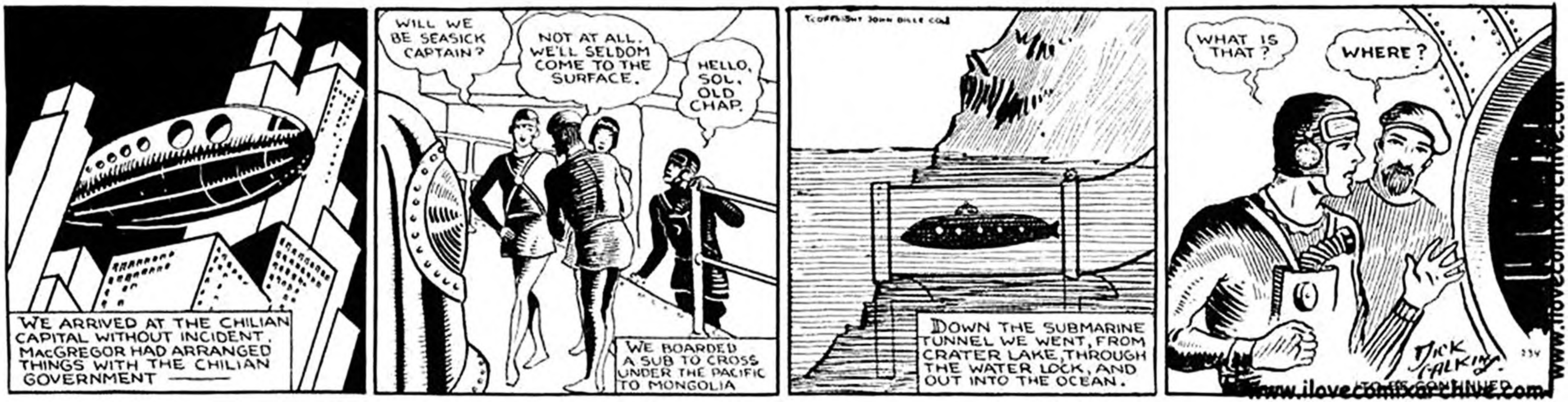

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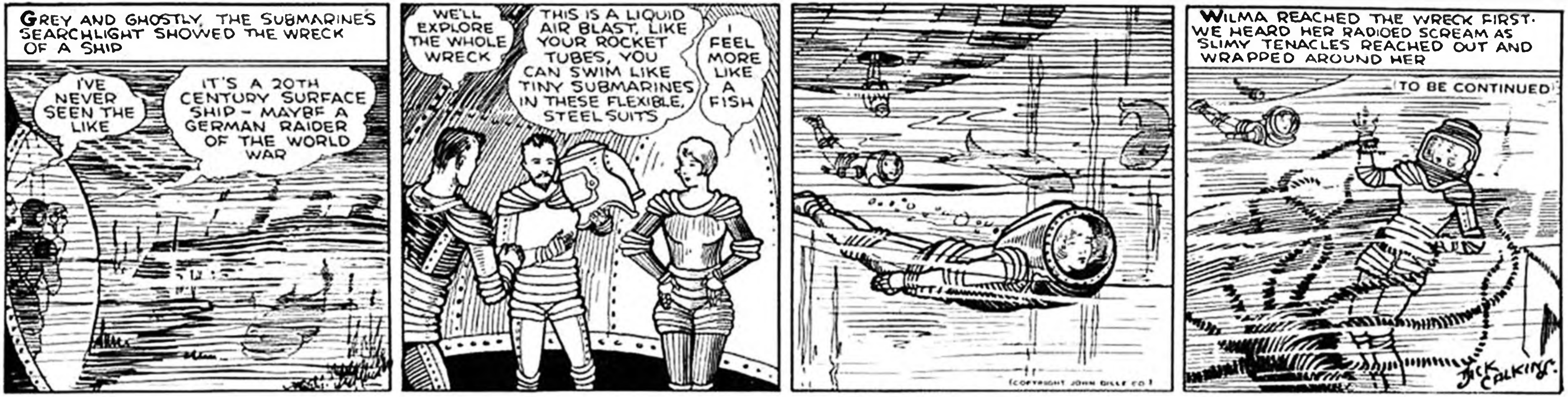

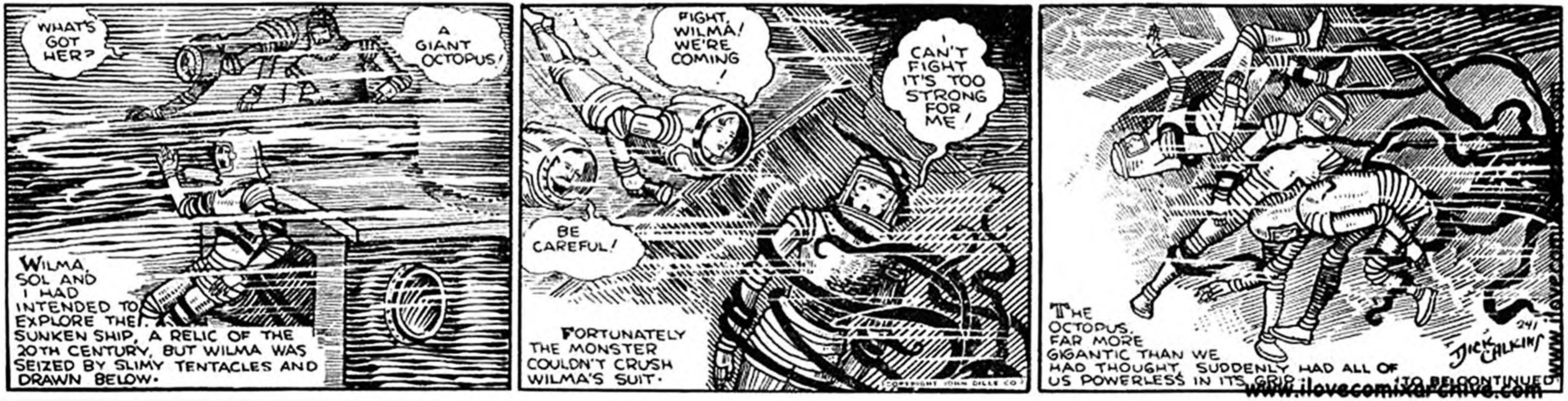

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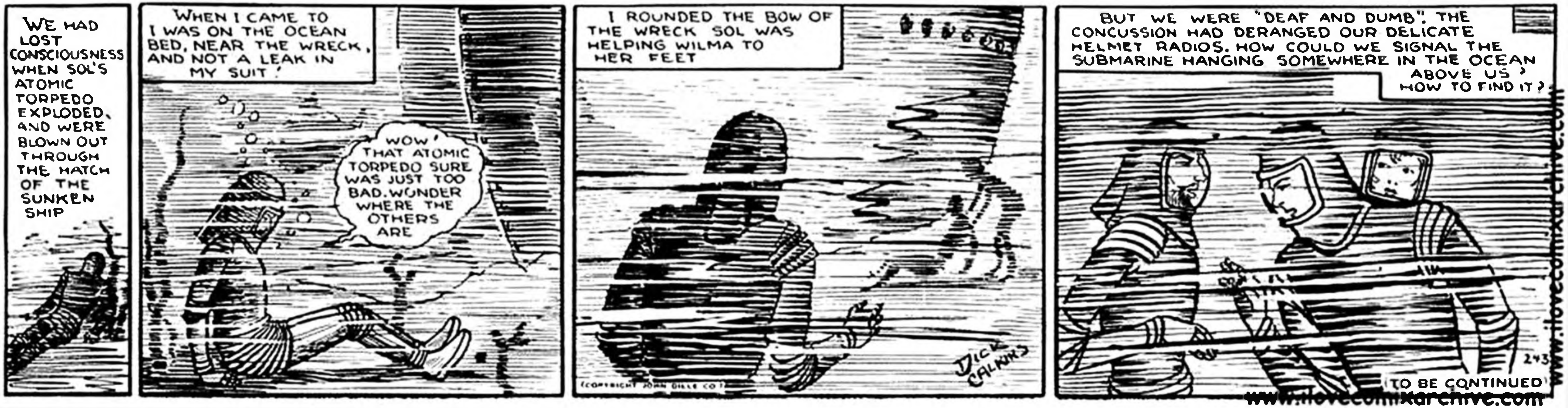

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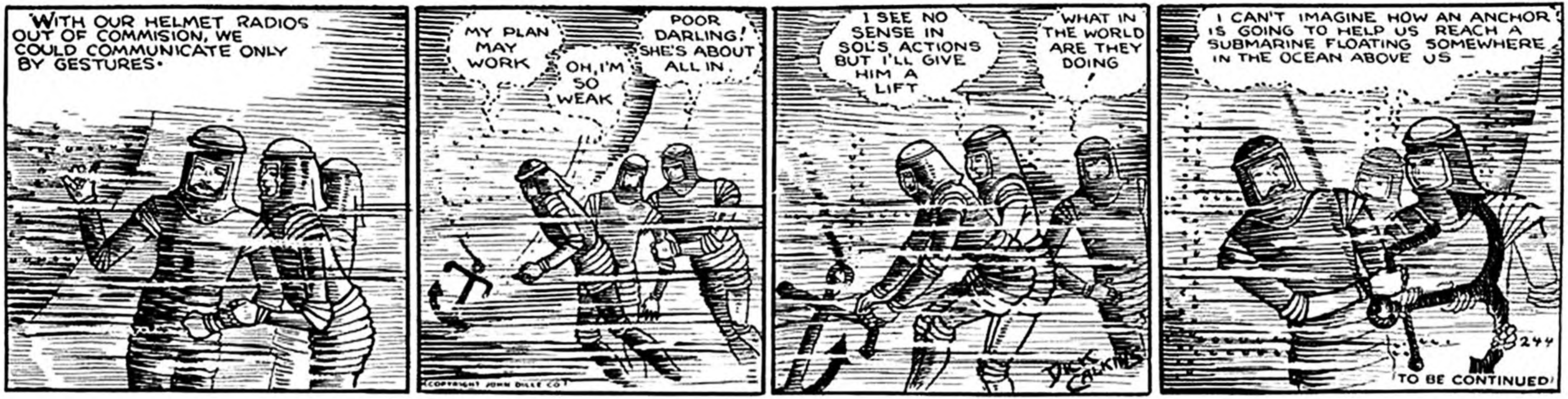

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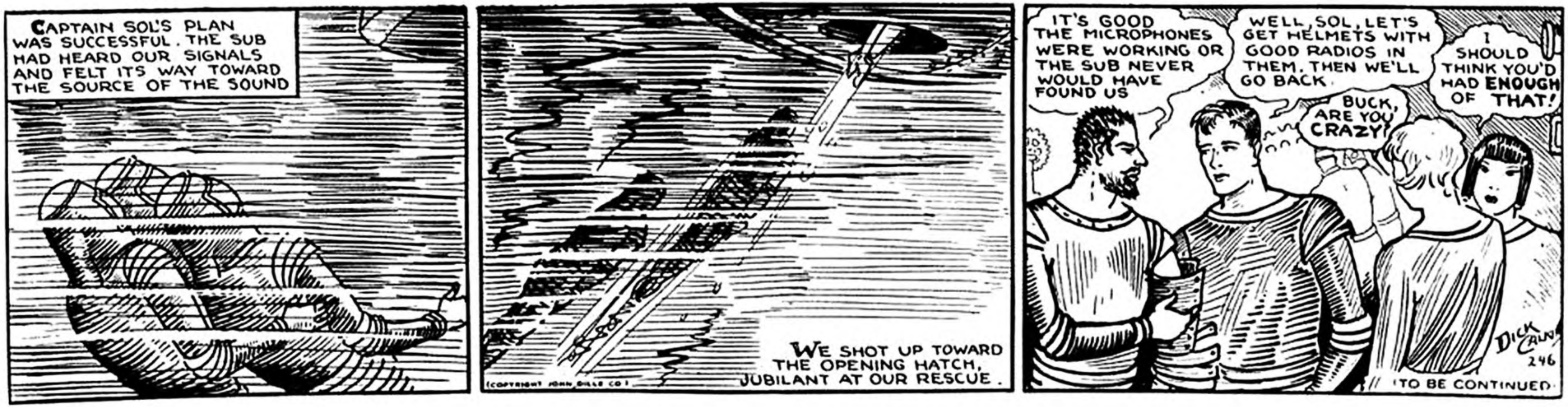

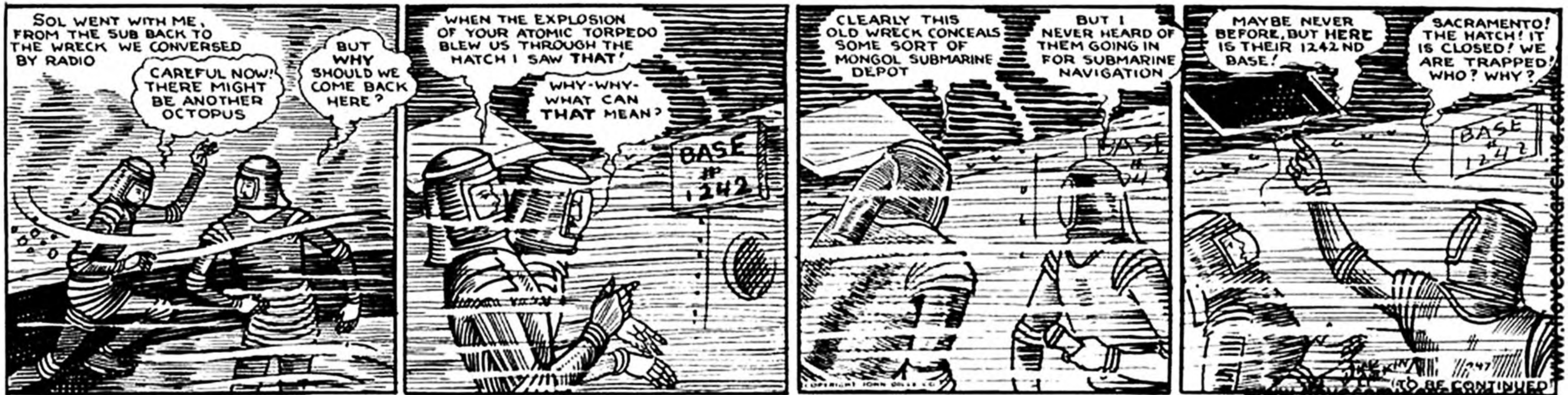

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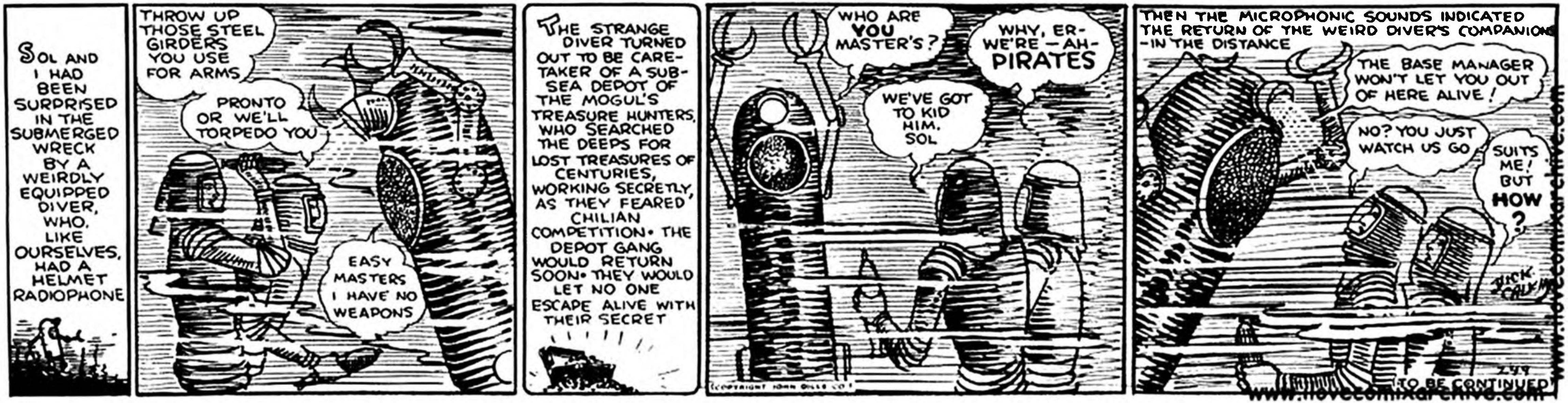

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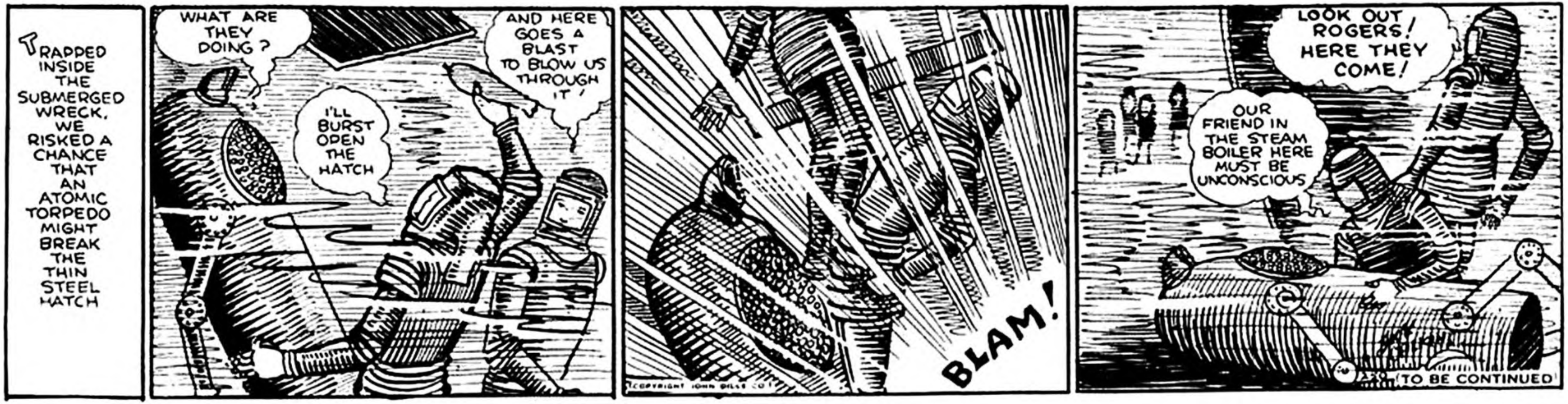
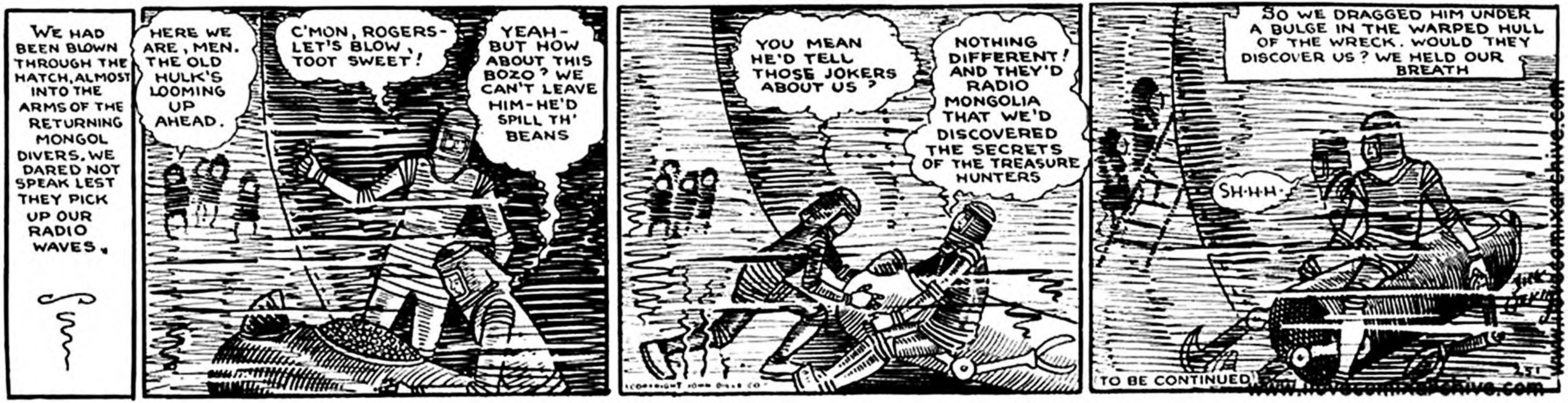
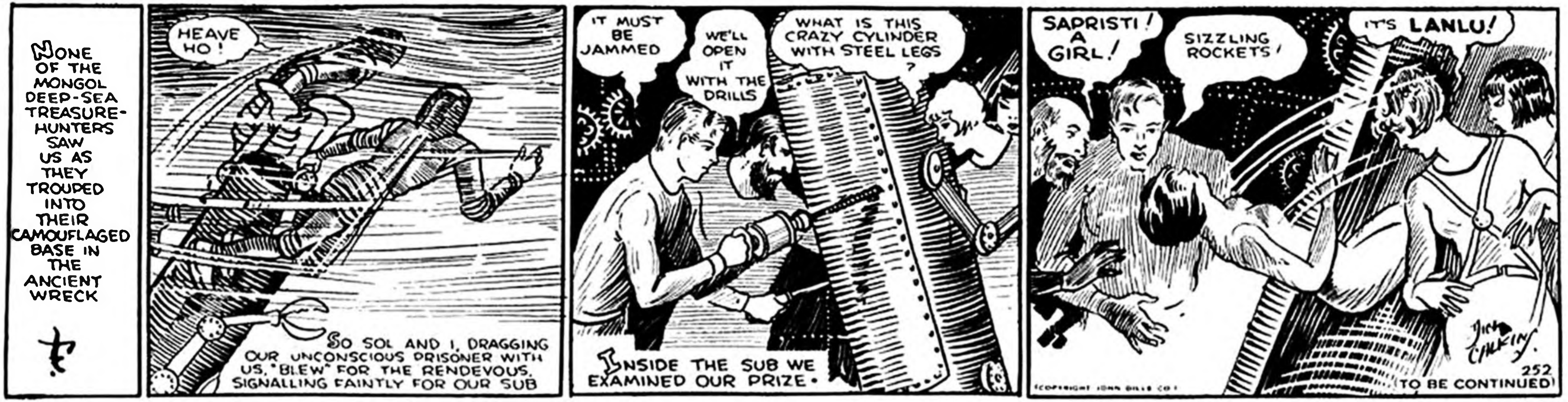
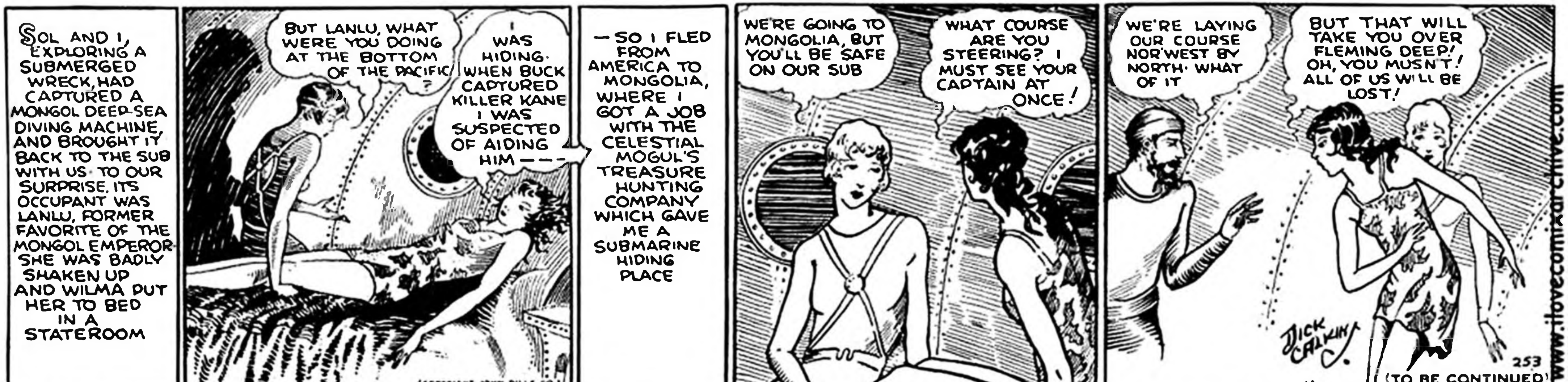

TRAPPED INSIDE THE SUBMERGED WRECK, WE RISKED A CHANCE THAT AN ATOMIC TORPEDO MIGHT BREAK THE THIN STEEL HATCH
WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
AND HERE GOES A BLAST TO BLOW US THROUGH IT!
I'LL BURST OPEN THE HATCH
BLAM!
COPYRIGHT JOHN DILLE CO.
LOOK OUT ROGERS! HERE THEY COME!
OUR FRIEND IN THE STEAM BOILER HERE MUST BE UNCONSCIOUS
TO BE CONTINUED


WE HAD BEEN BLOWN THROUGH THE HATCH, ALMOST INTO THE ARMS OF THE RETURNING MONGOL DIVERS. WE DARED NOT SPEAK LEST THEY PICK UP OUR RADIO WAVES.
HERE WE ARE, MEN. THE OLD HULK'S LOOMING UP AHEAD.
C'MON, ROGERS- LET'S BLOW, TOOT SWEET!
YEAH- BUT HOW ABOUT THIS BOZO? WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM-HE'D SPILL TH' BEANS
YOU MEAN HE'D TELL THOSE JOKERS ABOUT US?
NOTHING DIFFERENT! AND THEY'D RADIO MONGOLIA THAT WE'D DISCOVERED THE SECRETS OF THE TREASURE HUNTERS
COPYRIGHT JOHN DILLE CO.
SO WE DRAGGED HIM UNDER A BULGE IN THE WARPED HULL OF THE WRECK. WOULD THEY DISCOVER US? WE HELD OUR BREATH
SH-H-H-
TO BE CONTINUED





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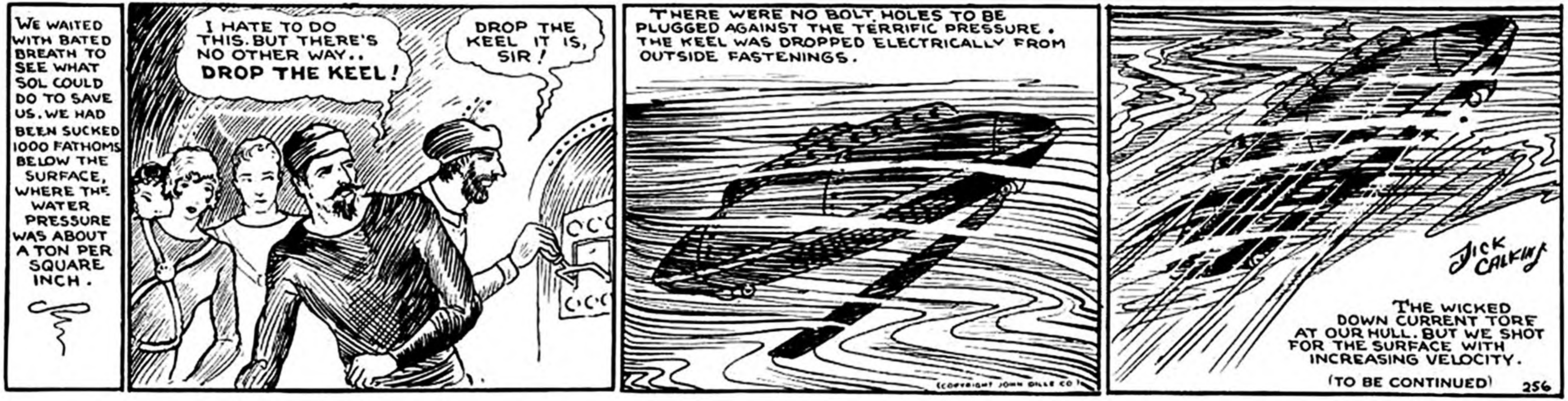

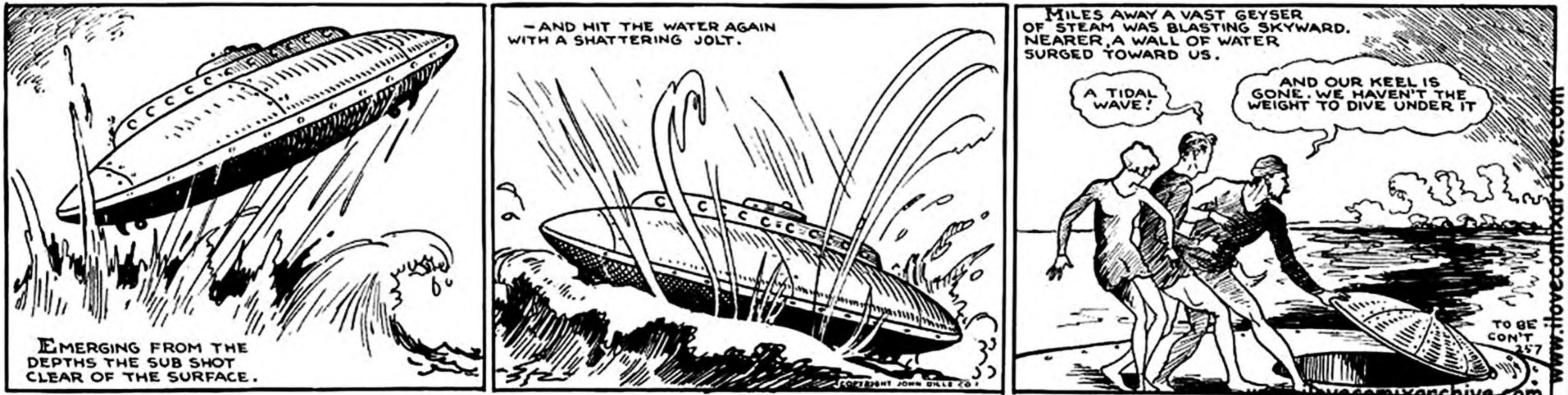

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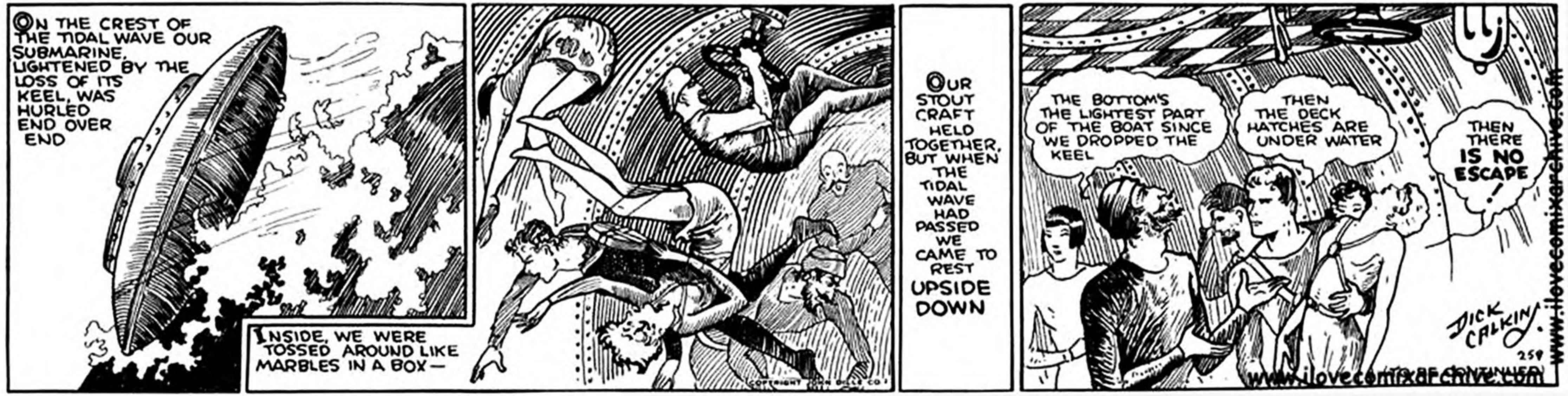
THE TIDAL WAVE ROLLED TOWARD US.
SO THAT'S WHERE THE DOWN CURRENT WE ESCAPED, IS COMING OUT AGAIN!
VOLCANIC FIRES HAVE TURNED IT TO STEAM
BELOW DECK! EVERYBODY! LOOK ALIVE!
IF WE HAD NOT DROPPED OUR KEEL WE COULD HAVE SUBMERGED.
COPYRIGHT JOHN DILLE CO.
DICK CALKINS
THEN THE STUPENDOUS CHAOS OF WATER AND FOAM HIT US!
TO BE CONTINUED
258


ON THE CREST OF THE TIDAL WAVE OUR SUBMARINE, LIGHTENED BY THE LOSS OF ITS KEEL, WAS HURLED END OVER END
INSIDE, WE WERE TOSSED AROUND LIKE MARBLES IN A BOX—
COPYRIGHT JOHN DILLE CO.
OUR STOUT CRAFT HELD TOGETHER, BUT WHEN THE TIDAL WAVE HAD PASSED WE CAME TO REST UPSIDE DOWN
THE BOTTOM'S THE LIGHTEST PART OF THE BOAT SINCE WE DROPPED THE KEEL
THEN THE DECK HATCHES ARE UNDER WATER
THEN THERE IS NO ESCAPE!
DICK CALKINS
259
TO BE CONTINUED
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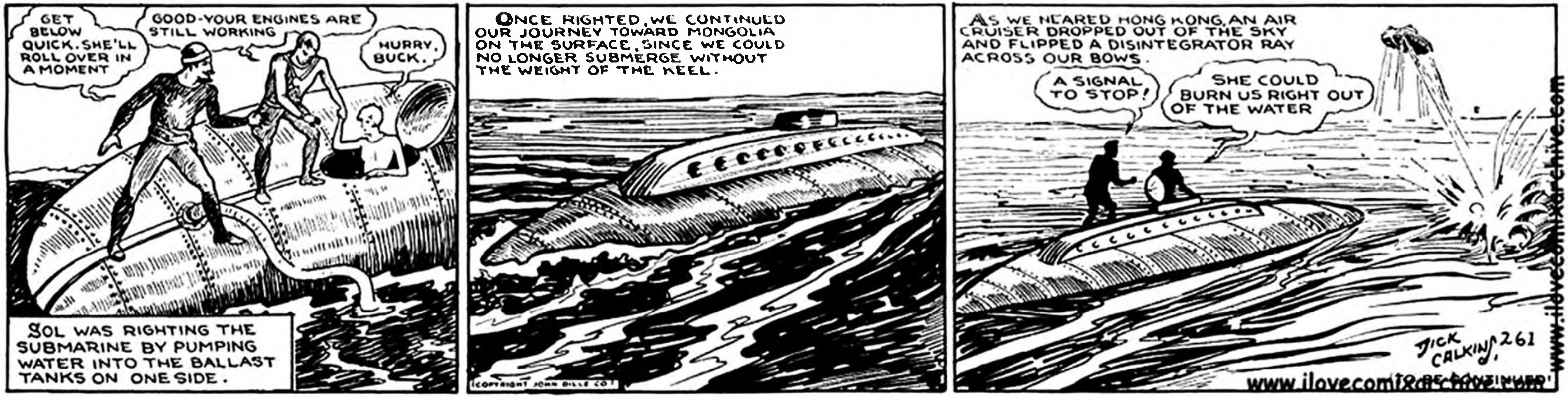

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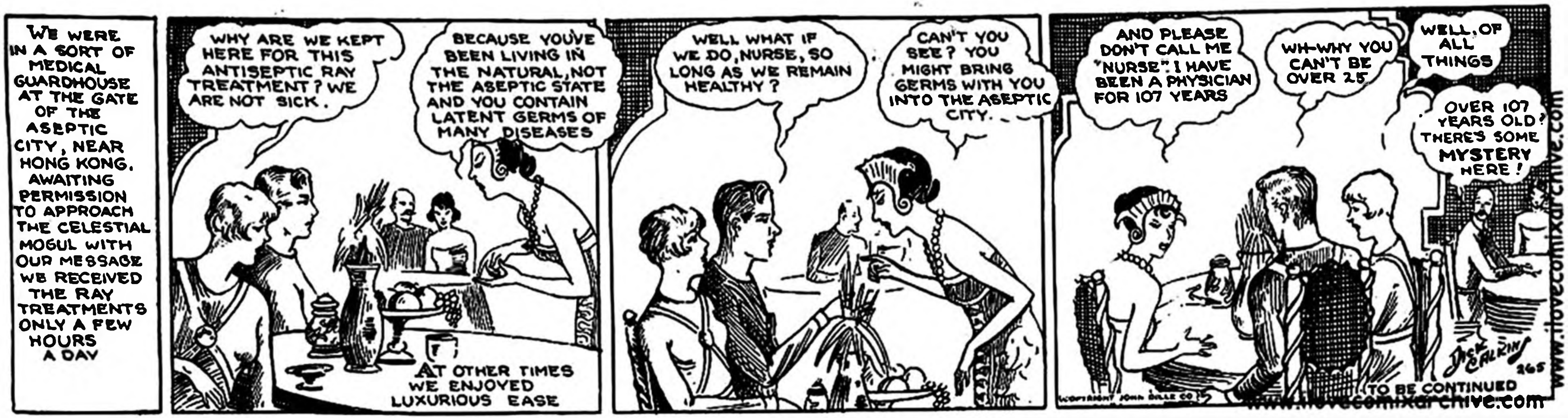

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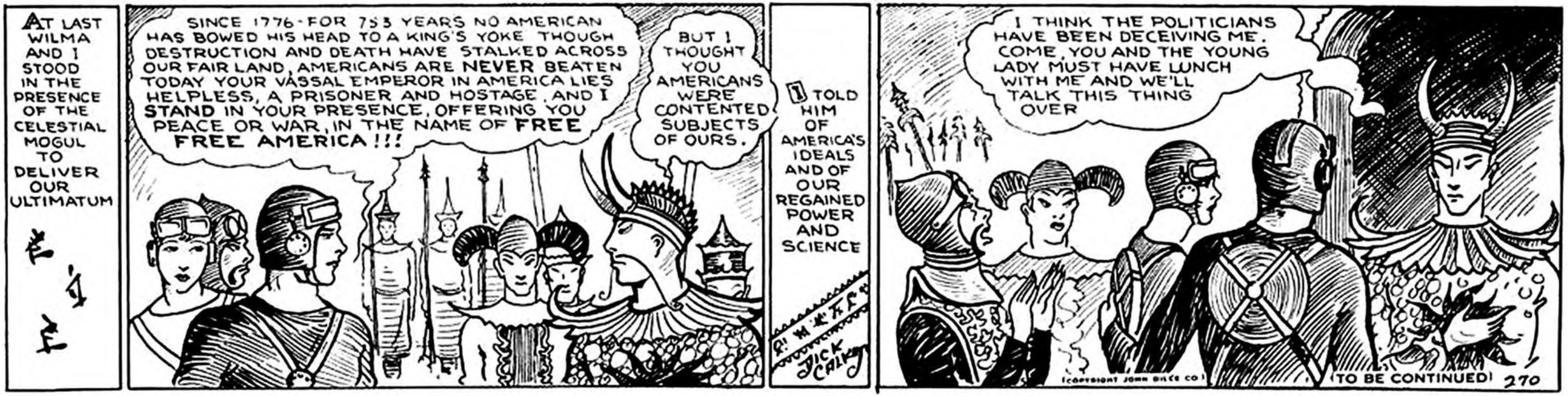

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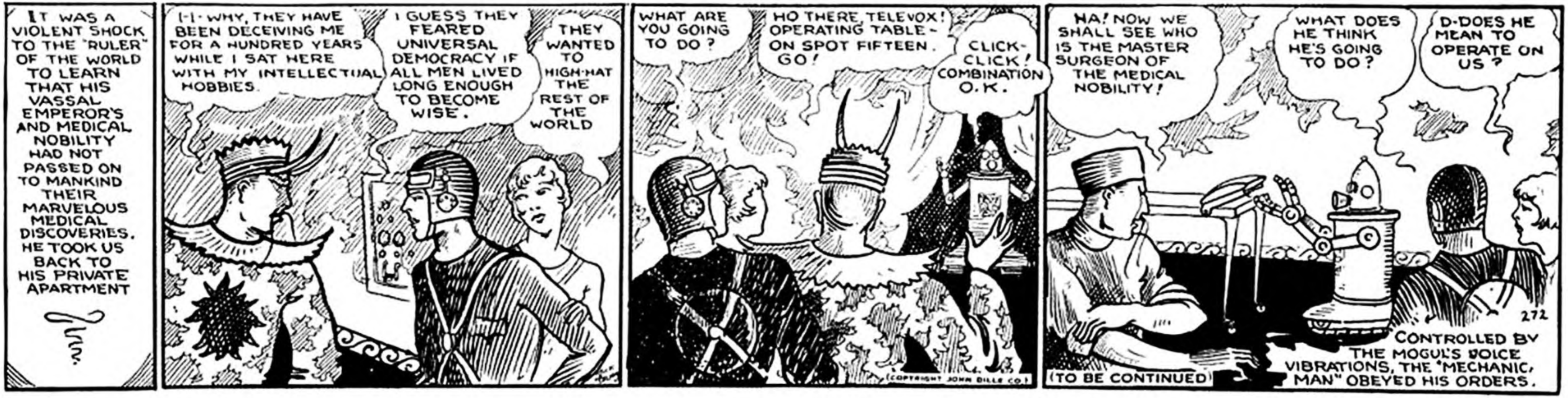

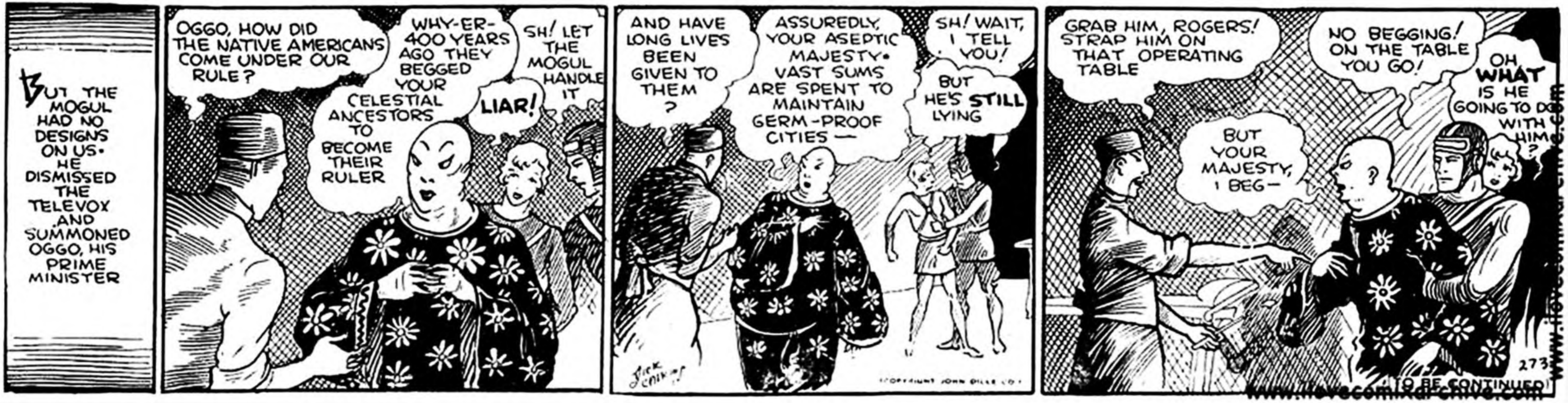

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THE CELESTIAL MOGUL PERFORMED A DELICATE OPERATION ON THE BRAIN OF HIS PRIME MINISTER; THEN TURNED ON A RAY THAT WOULD HEAL THE WOUND.
HOW DID I KNOW HE WAS LYING? BY PSYCHOANALYSIS. IT'S BEEN MY HOBBY FOR 84 YEARS. I REMOVED CERTAIN CELLS FROM HIS BRAIN SO IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO LIE HENCEFORTH.
WONDERFUL!
MARVELOUS!
OGGO'S WOUND HEALED RAPIDLY UNDER THE TISSUE-BUILDING RAY, AND IN A FEW MOMENTS HE COULD SIT UP.
WH-WHERE AM I?
I HAVE JUST REMOVED YOUR FALSEHOOD COMPLEX, OGGO. YOU CANNOT LIE ANY MORE, NO MATTER HOW YOU TRY!
IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE.
DICK CALKINS
(COPYRIGHT JOHN DILLE CO.)
UGH!
YOU OLD FOOL! I'LL CALL THE REVOLUTION AT ONCE
HE'S CERTAINLY FRANK ABOUT IT!
I DIDN'T LOOK FOR THIS REACTION!
274.
TO BE CONTINUED

AFTER THE CELESTIAL MOGUL HAD PERFORMED AN OPERATION TO REMOVE HIS DECEPTION COMPLEX, OGGO, THE PRIME MINISTER, BOLTED TO CALL A REVOLUTION
I'LL CHASE HIM AND BRING HIM BACK FOR YOU
NO NO NOT NECESSARY JUST PRESS BUTTON TWO-TWO-FIVE ON THAT CONTROL BOARD
WHAT WILL THAT DO?
OGGO TORE DOWN THE CORRIDOR AWAY FROM THE MOGUL'S APARTMENTS HEADED FOR THE CONSPIRATOR'S COUNCIL.
WE'LL FEED GERMS TO THE OLD FOOL AND CONTINUE TO RULE AS WE WISH!
(COPYRIGHT JOHN DILLE CO.)
CELESTIAL DRAGONS! I'M PARALYZED! I CAN'T MOVE!
SUDDENLY THE SOLID WALLS GLOWED WITH A WEIRD, PALE GREEN LIGHT THAT BROUGHT OGGO UP SHORT
DICK CALKINS
275

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WE HAD DELIVERED OUR ULTIMATUM TO THE CELESTIAL MOGUL, DEMANDING ABSOLUTE RECOGNITION OF AMERICA'S FREEDOM, AND A PACT OF PERPETUAL PEACE
WELL-GOOD FRIENDS ARE BETTER THAN UNWILLING SLAVES - OR POWERFUL ENEMIES - I AGREE
HOORAY!
OUR GREAT DIPLOMATIC MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED AT LAST
HEY! HEY! STOP IT. YOU'RE TICKLING ME!
YOU OLD DARLING, I JUST HAVE TO KISS YOU! I'M SO THRILLED!
WHAT DOES SHE THINK THIS IS, A BENEFIT?
I'LL RADIOPHONE THE NEWS HOME TO AMERICA!
AND I SHALL PROCLAIM A GREAT FETE IN YOUR HONOR, AS AMBASSADORS OF FREE AMERICA
WITH A GRAND PAGEANT OOOOH! WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE?
278